Cuba?" said a man who has been in the island to a Star reporter the other day. "Well, it is a fact, so they tell me down there. And it came near costing me some money to learn it, too. I was down there some time ago, and I noticed that while the whole island was a flower garden, and while the natives were very fond of all sorts of sweets, there did not seem to be a stand of bees in the whole republic "This,' said I to myself, 'is where I get in my fine work. It is strange that no one ever thought of importing bees, but I will be the pioneer in this industry and make close on to a million a minute."

"Well, I came mighty near trying it. I was out walking around Havana and found that there were numerous bees that looked like good honey makers in the fields, and this only confirmed me in my desire to open the eyes of the Cubans to the possibilities of home-made honey. "Some nights after that, sitting with a friend in front of the Anglaterra, I ten-

tatively broached the subject of bees, and as he was a pretty good friend and a long resident of the islands I suggested to him the propriety of his getting in on the ground floor. He laughed and said: "I guess you are about the millionth

man since the beginning of the American invasion who has figured on making his fortune that way. But I'll just put you next and tell you why it won't work. The bees that are brought down here from the north-and there have been a good many brought in the last fifty years—are industrious brutes when they first land. They find all the conditions favorable, and they work like Trojans stocking up their hive with honey so as to be pre-pared for the winter, as they do in the colder climes. They keep on working, and then the winter don't come, and in a very little while they get on to the game. They find that it is a good deal easier to pick up a hand to mouth living without working themselves to death over honey

making, and they just go on strike.

"You can find plenty of bees down here.
But work? Not any more than a Jamaica coon when he has five dollars in his pocket. No your scheme is all right. But forget it. It's been tried before.'

"Now, wouldn't that make you take a back seat? Talk about Jerry Simpson's scheme of crossing bees with lightning bugs so they could work nights. Maybe you'd think that impracticable. But think of bees hiring a walking delegate and going on strike just because they have acquired Cuban citizenship. That lets me

out with them. I think they are frauds."

* * * * *

A kitten came near breaking up the third act of "The Butterflies" at the Columbia last Monday night. It was one of those theatrical impromptus that is not provided for in the book of the play. Mr. Hards, who was playing Hiram Green, was in the midst of a funny dialogue with his daughter Sue, impersonated by Miss Galloway. Now, a kitten has no legitimate place in the play, anyhow, but the theater kitten took it into his small head to come on at that point, and he almost absorbed the attention of the audience while he was wander-

ing around the stage. The theater kitten is a very small tor-toise shell, so small, in fact, that he has not yet arrived at the dignity of a settled name, but answers indifferently to "Bill," or "Rags," or several other endearing terms. He strolled on in the midst of the dialogue and took a place under the small table, in a position that would be technically known as "D. L. C." He was a funny, engaging little kitten, and when he true feline persistence one could hardly tell whether the laugh all over the house was

at the kitten or at the stage conversation.

Then he moved out a little, sat down again and gravely scratched himself under the chin. The audience laughed, and emboldened by this demonstration, he strolled over and it looked for a moment as though he was going to hop over the footlights into

A stage hand came into the right-hand wings and tried to "Kitty, kitty," him off the stage, but it was no go and he leisure-ly walked over and took stock of the righthand stage box. He liked the looks of a young lady in the corner of the box and allowed himself to be lifted up and cuddled. Then he perched up on the corner post of the box and took in the show for a few minutes, after which he hopped down and disappeared in the wings.

Possibly he may come around to Manager Luckett for wages on pay day, and if he does they ought to be paid, for he certainly added to the fun of the evening.

"There is a small, but to me a very annoying, break that the newspapers are continually making; and I see by his recent proclamation that the President has fallen into the same error," said an army officer, in talking to a Star reporter the other day. "Now, there is little excuse for the President, himself an ex-army officer, sancspeaking of 'half masting' a flag on shore, as was done in the proclamation directing respect to be paid to the memory of the late Secretary of State.

"You can half mast a flag on shipboard if you want to, for there you have masts. But a flag on shore is attached to a staff, and the proper term is to 'half staff' it. You could not half mast a flag in the army if you wanted to, unless it might be on a boat, such as those of the civil war, that carried the horse marines. The error is common enough, but you can depend that it gets on the nerves of an army man every

A good story is being told about a quaint old Irishman who lives in North Washinglike a former Washington policeman who turned out the fire department, it is said, because he "smelled smoke." Not long ago, so the story goes, Pat saw either a real or imaginary conflagration, and, dashing into a fire engine house, exclaimed:
"There do be a fire down th' sthreet."
"What number?" quickly inquired the

Number be dommed; hitch up yer horses an' foller me."

"Many people have an idea that a police man performs all his duty when he makes an arrest and presents his case to the judge of the court," remarked a taxpayer to a Star reporter last night. "But," he added,

my wife had occasion to call upon a police help to her. After that experience I changed my mind about policemen and realize that people are too quick to con-

"On the occasion I refer to my child was taken suddenly ill in the middle of the night and there was no one in the house upon whom my wife could call for help. She kept watch at the window until a policeman came along and he not only telephoned for a doctor, but returned to the house and assisted in nursing the sick child. People should not be too hasty in condemning policemen," he concluded, "but should always remember that they should be excused for triffing mistakes, as their good deeds usually outnumber their al-

leged shortcomings."

It is not an unusual thing for policemen to play the part of firemen and frequently save the property of those who contribute to their support. The records show that almost every week some member of Major Sylvester's force responds to a call for as-sistance and they often succeed in extinguishing flames and preventing serious damage without calling upon the fire department. They look after sick people in cases of emergency when called upon. Recently a policeman came to the rescue of a young man who was out driving with

his family and whose horse lost its shoe and went lame. He appreciated the act of kindness and afterward addressed a letter to Major Sylvester, in which he said: "I have been trying to find an opportunity to address you concerning the actions of Bicycle Policeman W. F. Barrett. While out driving with my wife one of the horses cast a shoe. He immediately began to go lame and I was nursing him along from Rock Creek Park to Hyattsville, when Officer Barrett called my attention to the Officer Barrett called my attention to the lameness. I explained the situation to him and he volunteered to put a shoe on the horse. He procured the key to a black-smith shop, fitted on the shoe and I pro-

eeded on my way.
"At the time I expressed my appreciation and offered to remunerate the officer for his trouble, and also because, in putting on the shoe, his bicycle trousers were torn, but he absolutely declined to receive any-

"In the course of some years' experience with the police of this city I have found them almost invariably polite and efficient. must say that I never heard of humane act than that of Officer Barrett, and I take this method of expressing my appreciation of the same to you."

"Does anybody know that there is a hole in the clock?"

A man who goes up to the Treasury De partment every morning made the inquiry of a Star reporter. The question related to the big illuminated clock in the tower of the Post Office Department, opposite The Star building.

"Well. I did not, either, until the other afternoon," continued the treasury man who had put the question. "But it came on me suddenly the other day, and it had me guessing for a few minutes. I was going home as usual after office hours and glanced up at the clock. It was only a suddenly remembered that he had a flea on quarter past three, and I decided the clock his starboard flank and went after it with had stopped. Then the minute hand swung around with a rhythmic movement to quarter of four.

"I knew that that was too early for me to be out of office, and I rubbed my eyes. Then the old clock went backward by the quick route till it was only five minutes of one. I knew I had not been drinking. that is, not very much, but when the clock commenced doing high stunts and swinging back and forth from midnight till early morp I thought the weather must have gotten into my head.

"Then I noticed that there was a little window in the clock face that I had not observed before, just above where the hands are fastened to the dial. This window was open and it was big enough for a man to get his arms and head out of to set the hands of the clock. But from the ground it was so small that at first one overlooked it. I stopped and rubbered for a few minutes at the man doing things to the clock, and that collected a crowd in a minute. But I was glad to find that it was the clock that had gone wrong and not me, for it had me guessing for a minute.

* * * * *
They were all talking servant troubles in one of the lunch rooms close to the State, War and Navy building the other day. No, they were not women out of the shopping district, but mere men and all of them married, for the servant question has gotten to tioning such an error in official type. It is the point where even the men bring it to work with them and talk it over at lunch time almost as much as do their better halves.

There had been numerous tales of woo told when one of the bunch struck in. "It is pretty warm to be harking back to the rigors of the past winter," he said, "but my wife got up against the servant game in good shape then. We were without a cook, as per usual, and she had heard from a friend of a friend's friend that there was a colored woman she probably could get, who lived on a short street in Georgetown.

"She hiked out for the home of the wo-man and found her comfortably framed up old Irishman who lives in North Washing- in front of a warm stove. She heard my ton. In some respects the old fellow is wife's errand in rather supercilious silence. and when my wife had gotten through she said without rising.

'Naw, I guess I don't keer nothin' about a service place jest now. We ladies on this street done decided we won't work none dis wintah; we's gwine ter stay home an' be s'ported by de 'sassinated charities.'

He Was Eligible. From the Chicago News.

The Boss-"He wants to be a candidate

Ward Heeler-"He does," The Boss-"But I'm afraid he isn't in ouch with the people." Ward Heeler-"What has that got to do

REALISTIC.



Mr. Inksplodger (the celebrated novelist, in search of ideal rustic week-end country cottage). "Window on the floor, eh! Queer place for a window, isn't it?"

Cottager. "Well, it be rather low, sir; but 'tis a nice view if you could just lie down and look out."

of the powerful existing cable companies. If now completed, as the result of this conference, it will be of great advantage to imperial commerce, as the system will be down and look out."

COMMENT OVER INDIA

Criticism of the Contemplated Military Changes.

THIS YEAR'S ASCOT CUP

KING'S GARDEN PARTY AT WIND-SOR REFORTED A DOWDY AFFAIR.

Completion of All-British Cables System Inaugurated in 1902 Expected as Result of Conference.

LONDON, June 24, 1905. I learn that Lord Kitchener has already recommended to the India office an officer of distinction and great experience, now serving in India, for the new post of his chief of staff. He will not lose his reputation for downrightness, and the India office must be a little breathless at being so promptly taken at their word.

The most direct criticism which I hear on the military changes in India is that account has hardly been promptly taken of the fact that a very important part of the commander-in-chief's duties is to go on prolonged tours of inspection throughout the country. These occupy a considerable part of every year, during which he is absent from the seat of government, and the viceroy is therefore deprived of the military member of his cabinet.

In case of a war in which the commanderin-chief took the field the case would be much worse, for then the government would have no military adviser at hand. I believe it will be found when the papers are published that Lord Kitchener proposes to meet this difficulty by appointing a temporary military member of the council during the absence of the commander-in-chief, but such an officer, it is said, can have no weight and no independent authority. Another objection is that the whole organiza-tion of the Indian army as a fighting machine is placed under the unchecked control of a single man, who may have fancies and fads which there is no power to check.

Such a position does not exist elsewhere

in the world. The highest opinion here regards as the true remedy a minister of war, with a general staff. It is impossible nowadays, with the enormous complication and variety of details in the composition of an army, for one man adequately to control them and to plan a campaign, and until this is put in commission by means of a general staff in England and India, as it is in France, Germany, Japan and elsewhere, anomalies, inconveniences and difficulties

Cup Day at Ascot.

Thursday was "Cup day" at Ascot, and all London was present to bask in the sun with royalty. Ascot station is usually a sleepy little place, but for one week in the year it awakens from its long hibernation and takes on more than its share-more than it can really manage—of the world's bustle and importance. And for one day in particular, the day of the royal hunt cup, it is filled, except for a few short hours, with a surging, polygot crowd that alights from the packed railway carriages and struggles slowly, almost painfully it seems, through its narrow barriers, and once through those the mass splits up. One small, well-dressed stream enters the long, covered way that leads to the paddock, the

lawn and the royal inclosures. has packed the third-class carriages, makes for the broad high road that leads to those parts of the course where there is no both-ering and expensive turnstile to pass. And arrived there it spreads itself out and en-joys itself noisily in its own way.

Ascot is the garden party among race meetings, and it bears much the same resemblance to the rest as Eton and Harrow does to first-class cricket matches. It also annually forms the excuse for all fashionable women to appear in their newest and loveliest creations. "My Ascot frocks" are invariably the smartest dayclothes any social butterfly dons during the whole year. They are often too good to be worn at garden parties and such like, so that the owner feels a little embarrassed because of the gorgeousness of her plumage, and softly explains that "it was my Cup day gown for Ascot." In fact, it is a magnificent opportunity for women to dress against one another, and, with the present nsatiable feminine appetite for clothes, the display surpasses all bounds. With such living pictures it is not surprising that Ascot is not cheap.

In fact, to do it from London costs for tickets and railway transit about five pounds a head each day. Of course, the comfortable way is to be invited to stay in a house in the neighborhood for the week, and the local owners make their year's rent out of the fabulous sum they extort from wealthy tenants who lease their habitations for ten days. For men, tall hats, frock coats, dark trousers, gray gloves, patent-leather boots and a buttonole flower are practically obligatory. So the effect is that of a great many grown-up Eton boys wandering about in an unrivaled parterre of human flowers. To those have not been there it may be added that the situation of the course is a fit set-ting for such living jewels, and if the sun shines the effect of the procession coming up from Windsor is matchless.

King's Garden Party.

The king's garden party at Windsor was really a rather dowdy affair. Six thousand people, more or less, had been invited, and it is said any one who had been to court during his majesty's reign and had written his or her name in the book at Buckingham Palace received a card. Certainly the result was not edifying. A double line was kept through the serried masses of guests for the royal party to pass through, the king coming first, with the somewhat austere Crown Princess of Sweden on his arm. They all directed their steps to a little pavilion, round which a cordon of red rope was held by subordinate officials, and into this sanctuary a few were summoned by special command. The rest of the assem-blage gaped and then sought refreshments. There were three superbly garnished tents below the terrace which were absolutely empty, because there was no one to indi-cate to the hungry mob that they could "the idea is erroneous. A few days ago with it? He's got all kinds of money and there comfortably find food.

As it was everybody ser

As it was, everybody scrambled in two other marquees, which became dangerously congested with struggling humanity. Skirts were literally torn from the backs of their wearers; men saw themselves jostled and battered in the fierce fight for tea or hock cup. It was neither seemly nor attractive, and had the fact of the other tents only been announced a very great deal of un-pleasantness could have been avoided. A wag on the edge of the throng shouted that the king was approaching. Within a minute that particular marquee was empty. Wom-en dropped the handsome tea cups on the ground, threw away what they were eating, gathered their skirts and literally scuttled at top speed to mob their host. This was not edifying, but it allowed the wit who had given the false alarm to calmly enter his companion and partake of a most

comfortable meal. It is probable that the result of the cable conference which began its sittings on Thursday will be the completion of the sys-tem of all-British cables inaugurated in December, 1902, by the opening of the line from Vancouver to Australia and New Zealand. The object is to have a system of cable linking together the different parts of the empire throughout the world without the empire throughout the world without touching any foreign territory. To complete this girdle a line is now wanted to connect the united kingdom with Vancouver, across Canada; another line from Australia to South Africa, and a third from Cape Town to England by Ascension Island, the West Indies and Bermuda.

It is eighteen years since this great idea was first projected and although it was en-It is eighteen years since this great measures was first projected, and although it was enthusiastically received by the peoples of the various parts of the empire, successive governments have not dared to legislate on the subject owing to the bitter opposition of the powerful existing cable companies. of the powerful existing cable companies. If now completed, as the result of this conference, it will be of great advantage to

imperial rate of one shilling a word charged for cabling. As such a system would be of great value to this country in time of war the government is in favor of its completion, and it is understood that Mr. Lyttelton so informed the colonial delegates at the conference, the meetings of which are rigidly private.

Mystery Over Play. There has been much mystery concerning the authorship of "The Faddists"—the play which is to be produced at a matinee next Tuesday. Last year it was rumored that Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton and Lady Betty Balfour were engaged on a satiric comedy, but both ladles indignantly denied the charge. The ladles, however, have apparently learned some of the arts of diplomacy from their husbands and brothers, for I am informed that they are undoubtedly responsible for "The Faddists," though they hide their personalities under the pseudonyms of "Edith Melville" and "Elizabeth Strode." of "Edith Melville" and "Elizabeth Strode."

The conservative party, to which both ladies belong, is rich in talented women.

Mrs. Edward Tennant, one of the three lovely sisters of Mr. George Wyndham, has just brought out a book of verse. The wife of the colonial secretary produced a play last season, and as "Edith Hamlet" published a novel some years ago. Lady Betty Balfour was by birth a Lytton, and through her mother is niece to Mrs. Earle, who wrote "Pot-pourri from a Surrey Garwho wrote "Pot-pourri from a Surrey Garden." "The Faddists" is a skit on the present physical culture and diet fads, which have so strong a hold on society. If the play meets with a really good reception it will find its way into an evening bill at one

of the West End theaters. Playwrights whose drawers are full of manuscript plays which have failed to commend themselves to those proud despots the actor managers, may be glad to hear of the formation of a society in London, which intends to help them out of their perplexities. The object of the "Play-reading Society" is to obvious the difficulties exciety" is to obviate the difficulties ex-perienced by dramatists in bringing their work before the notice of producers, and to facilitate managers and others in coping with the plays submitted for consideration. Plays are to be sent to the society, which will submit them to capable readers. Works deemed worthy of consideration will be laid before the committee of the society. and, subject to the approval of this august tribunal, copywright performances will be given in various bijou theaters. There are, however, certain disabilities attached to this benevolent scheme. A

reading fee must accompany each manu-script, and if a performance is determined upon the author will have to provide for the expenses entailed by the production. Should, however, the play be "placed" after this performance, and presumably in consequence of it, the author will also have to pay part of his "royalty" to the society which has done such great things for him. The prospectus does not say what will happen in the event of there being no "royalty" if the play turns out to be a failure, and, indeed, it is hard to see what benefit the society is to confer upon the unacted playwright. He could pay for the reading of his olay and its production upon a stage, if that were all, without the assistance of this singularly benevolent association.

L. H. MOORE.

AL FRESCO NATATORIUMS.

Swimming Schools of Washington Half a Century Ago.

"'We'll soon be in the country now and can go in swimming often as we want to and not be scared of the cops any time,' is what I heard one of my grandsons remark to his brother yesterday morning at the breakfast table," said an old fellow who was born in Washington at least three score and ten years ago, to a Star man. "And you can imagine," he continued, "how many reminders of the old swimming places of the town that boy's joyful observation conjured up in my memory.

"Away back in the early 50's," he coninued, "the 'blue cork'-blessed be the old name-was where the novices in the natatorial art would buffet the torrent. Other small groups detach themselves and climb into brakes and wagonettes, urged by the oft-repeated cry of "Sixpence all the way." But the real crowd, the crowd that the northeast of where the government printing office stands, and was famous in its day. It was not deep enough to drown any one, and the big fellows had little use for it: but for us boys in our early teens it was sometimes little less than a paradise. "Another great place was 'deep hole,"

> in old Rock creek. This, however, was a dangerous location, and some good swimmers were drowned there. I can recollect one evening when I went with two companions to this place. It was just about sunset, and the woods on both sides of the creek and the gathering twilight made the place seem rather gloomy. We all swam across the creek to the western bank several times-it was then as it is now, a narrow stream--until at last one of the crowd proposed to touch bottom, and poor Charlie Williams, who not long ago, when he was a colonel in the United States Marine Corps, died at Mare Island, Cal, and was buried in this city, made the first dive to the bottom. When he came up he declared that something tried to hold him down. 'Gieger' Holland, his chum and lifelong friend, laughed at him and said 'Watch me!' Down he went, and came up looking as if he had seen a ghost under the placid water. He delared that he felt a hand on his face. This, of course, put an end to our swimming that evening. The next morning the nude body of a young man was found floating in Rock creek just at that place. His clothing was also found near where

> we had placed our duds.
> "Then we had the 'Sycamore,' a part of the Potomac just south of the Monument lot, and the Point, nearer to where the old Long bridge was. The older boys had these for swimming places. The water was good and deep there. The 'Sycamore' was patronized by the city boys, and the 'Point,' or the 'Pint,' as it was called by the swimmers, was the gathering place of the Island boys. You know, what is South Washington now was the 'Island' in those days, that section of the city being by the location of the ancient and honorable canal, of malodorous memory, entirely

surrounded by water.
"And then what fun it was to go down to the Four Mile Run and swim through the arches. There was also good fishing in those waters, and many a crowd of us who went there to fish in those bygone days remained to swim. well as these when I was a kid; the Northern branch, near Bladensburg was

"Many places along the Eastern branch furnished places for bathers; and then the 'stag' picnics of those days, when on the 'stag' picnics of those days, when on a warm summer day and school vacations, short as they were as compared with the holidays of today, were on. How can one ever forget them? Shooting bullfrogs on the banks of the stream, with bows and arrows, and cutting off their hind legs and broiling them for luncheon after a swim, was a feature of many of these little excursions.

"Who wants to go swimming in a bath house, no matter how big its area is, if he can swim in the open? No wonder my grandsons want to get out in the country,

grandsons want to get out in the country, where they can be in the water all day long and breast the rippling wave in puris naturalibus, with no cops to molest them. Don't you agree with me, boy?" he said to the Star man, and the reporter confessed that he could cordially do so.

In the Hands of Experts.

From the Chicago Tribune. "Figures don't lie, do they, paw?" "No, my son, but if you will examine the campaign text books you will find that they can tell two entirely different and contra-dictory kinds of truths."

Peace at Last.

From the Philadelphia Press. "Naggit and his wife were having one of heir customary quarrels the last time I "Yes, but they've decided never to have

"Yes, they're applying for a divorce.

another.

With Apologies. O, what is causing this great commotion, 'Motion, 'motion, our country through? It is the ball that's rolling on For Teddy, the true and Fairbanks, too, And with them we'll wallop the judge, Judge, judge, easy as eating a fudge, And with 'em we'll wallop the judge. —Chicago Tribune.



odd, even, than any of those here mentioned? If it is it must be a very odd superstition, indeed.

Deserving a high place among the oddest personal superstitions which have come to light to date is that of a certain millionaire in New York, who implicitly believes that something dreadful would happen to him and his fortune if any one except himself should ever wash his socks.

This superstition caused the man a peck of trouble in the days that he was a "regular" of the Hotel Windsor, which was

burned some years ago. One day, after he had been indulging his pet superstition, this man of money, happy in the thought that all would now be right with his finances until next wash day, went over to Brooklyn to pay a long-deferred visit. He was absent from the hotel for some hours, returning just in time for dinner, after which he went to his room and with water.

A hasty investigation showed that after washing his socks he had falled to turn off the basin faucets, and the flow being too great for the outlet the basin had over-flowed. The damage to carpet, ceiling, et cetera, amounted to \$1,000, and after he had settled with the hotel he was asked to look for accommodations elsewhere. But not even this costly experience caused the man to lose faith in his superstition, which still rides him.

Maine Superstitions.

Maine, among other things, is noter for its unusual superstitions. The next time you meet a man fresh from the pine tree state ask him if he ever stuck his jackknife in the headboard of his bed prior to going to sleep at night, and it's dollars to doughnuts that he will answer in all selousness:

"Why, certainly; it's the only way to keep the cramps from attacking you in the

night.' The story is told of a Portland man whose wife banished all the wooden beds from their house one day and substituted brass ones. The first night the man was to sleep in a brass bed he was in a quandary—there was no way in which he could stick the big blade of his knife in the bedhead. In his dilemma he bethought himself head. In his dilemma he bethought himself head. In his dilemma he bethought himself of the practice of a New York friend, who, in order to ward off the cramps, always made it a point to arrange his slippers bot-tom up at the foot of the bed. The Maine man had recourse to this charm, but along in the early morning he was awakened by the first attack of the cramps he had had

n years.
The following night there was no shiny brass bed in his room; the old bed was

back in its accustomed place and in its headboard the big blade of a jackknife was thrust good and deep.

Maine, among other thirgs, is noted for a queer method to make them immune to pains in the head. A hole is bored into the trunk of a thrifty tree; into this hole a lock of one's hair and a week's parings of lock of one's hair and a week's parings of finger and toe nails are placed, and the ole is carefully plugged up. Some years ago the Lewiston Journal published this incident bearing on this su-

erstition: While sawing shingles from a tree that recently stood near the Boston and Maine station in that town (Wells), William Maxwell came across just such a deposit. nails and dark brown hair were firmly im-bedded in the solid wood, being separated only when the machinery converted the wood into shingles. The hair and nails could be traced in four of the shingles cut from that particular part of the tree. hoped that the bringing to light of these niblems in so rude a manner has not broker the charm."

About Aches and Pains.

All sorts of odd superstitions are employed by even well-read and fairly well educated people to prevent and overcome divers aches, pains and diseases.

To possess a three-colored cat is said to be a sure preventive of malaria. Toothache can be got rid of by eating bread which a mouse has freely nibbled. If gout or rheumatism troubles you, carry a rattlesnake skin in your pocket and before the skin has begun to show signs of disintegration your pains will leave you. Have you the stomach ache? Kiss a mule and the Kiss a mule and the ache will vanish while you are showing your affection for the dumb animal. Seven drops of blood from a cat's tail

is an ancient remedy for a sufferer with epilepsy; and to ward off this terrible disease many people religiously wear rings made of some metal-silver preferablywhich has done duty on a coffin that has held a corpse. Whenever a man falls in an epileptic fit in some of the foreign quarters of New York a bystander is almost sure to rush up, open the victim's shirt and scratch a cross on the bared breast with a pin or some sharp instru-ment, in the belief that this charm will bring the man back to normal. Probably more odd superstitions are wor en around the wart than any other of the

unlocked the door-to find the room flooded blemishes of the human face and form divine. The writer, when he was a boy of seven-or eight, had a large wart right in the center of his forehead, which, naturally, gave him much worry. He was told by the negro servant of the house to cut the wart with a borrowed knife, let a few drops of blood fall or a rices of paper

drops of blood fall on a piece of paper, then fold the paper up after the manner of a note, drop it on the sidewalk in a frequented spot, and in a week's time after some one had picked it up the wart would disappear. It did, and it has never returned Negroes have divers charms for removing

warts. One is to rub a wart with the rough side of a swamp bean leaf for seven days and not tell any one that you have done such a thing. To get rid of a seed wart, walk due west some night when the moon is full, then suddenly stop, stoop and pick up the first thing your hand touches on the ground, rub the wart vigorously with it, al the time keeping your eyes on the moon. Rub till you can stand the irritation no longer, then make straight for home and in five or six days the wart will have dis appeared, never to bother you more.
A still more picturesque and not so pain

ful charm for removing a wart is to beg a chew of tobacco from an old negro, run down the street until you meet another ne gro, offer him the chew, and if he straightway puts it in his mouth without question good-bye to the wart.

Have you a corn that has been giving you all sorts of trouble when the weather is preparing to change from gay to grave Would you like to rid yourself of the little trouble maker? Then search until you find a snail, break the shell, and with the soft body rub the corn until the pain stops. Within the week out will drop the corn, and none will come in its stead.

Hotel Superstitions.

The hotel business has numerous super-

stitions peculiar to itself, and they are a widely believed in as are the superstitions of gamblers and habitual race track goers A hotel man quakes in his boots when he finds that a register still in use has been through looking over the day's list of arrivals. This act is supposed to throw baneful influence over the house for a period of nine days, and that hotel is lucky which emerges therefrom without one serious accident, at least.

Old hotel men will tell you that the night before the Baldwin burned in San Fran-cisco some one jokingly closed the register before the eyes of the night clerk; that three days before the Gumbry, in Denver, was blown up by its boilers and some of the inmates were killed, a clerk discovered the register closed, and so on, ad infinitum. Hotel clerks think it bad enough that a negro woman applies for a room, but if she is followed within the hour by another why, before twenty-four hours have rolled around there will be a suicide in the hotel or a robbery, which will gain the hous much unenviable notoriety.

That bell boy who desires to get calls for ice water and such things from the guests who will hand out the fattest tips never falls to spit in both shoes before he starts on his shift, and it is commonly held among chambermaids that to try door three times of a morning and each time find it locked is a sure sign of death among the "help" before next pay day.

Pet Fancies of Famous Men.

Many men of brains, wide reputation and sturdy character have been or are ruled

culiar pet superstitions.

After William K. Vanderbilt has made a bet at the race track he endeavors to shun all his friends and acquaintances, for he feels certain that if any one speaks to him, and he therefore has to break silence before the race has been won, he will be num-bered among the losers.

Mr. Vanderblit acknowledged this weakness once on the first day of a meet at the

Morris Park race track, now given over to automobile meets. After the second race, Mr. Vanderbilt walked over to the club house, and a friend asked him:

"Did you win, Vanderbilt?"
"No," was the reply; "that chap who talked to me during the race cost me \$500. I had \$100 on that 4 to 1 horse, but I never can win when any one talks to me."
For weeks after that Mr. Vanderbilt's friends, having entered into the conspiracy, made a point of talking with him whenever they saw him placing a bet, and as a result he lost a good many hundred dol-lar bills, \$100 being as much as he ever

wagers on even the biggest races.
Russell Sage has been known to rofuce te transact business with any man who is preceded into his office by a buzzing ily. One day a broker, who had done business with Mr. Sage for a number of years, was dumfounded to be told in the curtest manner possible by the noted financier that they could transact no business that day; and not until a week later did he learn the eason for this unusual conduct. After that the broker always took good care to see that no flies were with him when he went into Mr. Sage's presence.

Under no circumstances would Jay Gould use an elevator; he had a superstitious dread of it. Ex-United States Senator Chandler counts white horses for luck unif he reaches the number thirty-nine, when he begins over again.

Many persons have a superstitlous preference for entering a room a certain way.
"The prosaic Dr. Johnson always counted his steps before entering any place, so as to arrange that his right foot should always precede his left; or, again, touched every post which he passed along a certain route, fearing that, if he missed one, some misfortune would befall him."

Some years ago United Service, in the course of a rather exhaustive investigation. found that many of the world's famous fighters have been enthralled more or less completely at times by superstitions peculiar to each of them.

It is well known that Napoleon had ca abiding faith in his star, and on numerous eccasions he gave evidence of the hold this superstition had on him. Whenever he dreamed of crockery General Grant felt sure that some good fortune would surely soon befall him, and the night before he received his commission as colonel of ar. Illinois regiment he dreamed of a field filled with beautiful china. He immediately in-formed his wife that prosperity was about

to dawn upon their fortunes.

The great Nelson carried the landlubber's horseshoe superstition with him to sea, and while the Victory was his flagship a orseshoe was kept nailed to the mizze

Lord Wolseley has acknowledged over his own signature: "I not only believe in many superstitions, but I hug them with the warmest affection. I believe in ghosts and amulets. I have worn ou eral hats since I have

through my salutations of single magpies." Bismarck Exceedingly Superstitious.

Bismarck's superstitions were of a more common mold. He had a strong aversion to the number thirteen and to Friday, on which day he would do nothing that he considered important. When "General" Boyer, Bazaine's envoy, arrived at the German headquarters at Versailles on Friday, October 1, Bismarck would not see him until the next day, pleading his superstition. Some years later, when he was talking about one of the few defeats which the Germans suffered in the war with France, he said: "I beg you to observe, gentlemen, that that happened on a Friday."

The late James G. Blaine was ruled by

a superstition which kept him from turning back to his house to get something that he had forgotten. This is said to be the rea-son why messages were continually traveling between his home in Washington and his desk in the Capitol, and later in the

State Department. For an Irishman, and an Irish leader at that, the great Parnell had a peculiar su-perstition. He held that green was an ex-

ceedingly unlucky color, and it has been said by those who knew him well that "the sight of green banners at the political meetings he addressed often unnerved

Significance of the Phrase-An Utter Absence of Heat. The confusion which often exists about

the term "zero" necessitates a word of ex-

planation. In graduating a thermometer

THE ABSOLUTE ZERO.

two points are taken as the standard points These are the melting point of ice and the boiling point of water. In the centigrade. or Celsius, thermometer and in the Reaumur thermometer, now rarely used, the former of these is recokened as zero, or O°; but in the Fahrenheit thermometer, most commonly used for ordinary temperatures, it is marked 32°, so that the Fahrenheit "zero" is 32 Fahrenheit degrees below the centigrade and Reaumur "zero." But degrees differ in measurement, being dependent upon the number into which the space between the melting-point of ice and the boiling-point of water, as indicated by the thermometric body in the thermometer tube, is divided. In the centigrade thermometer this is divided into 100°, in the Reaumur into 80°, and in the Fahrenheit 180°, so that the boiling-point which is called 1000° on the centigrade reads 212° on the Fahrenhelt scale. The term "zero," therefore, is a very indefinite one, but "absolute zero" is a very definite one, for it means the entire absence of heat, or the absolute impossibility of obtaining mechan-ical action by cooling. Measured in terms of either the centigrade scale or the Fahrenheit, it has a mathematical expression which is capable of being conceived. ventor, may give some idea of it;

bly the following, from the American In-Dr. James Dewar recently delivered his first lecture of a series of discourses at the Royal Institute, London. His subject was, "New Low Temperature Phenomena." Sir James' name has been constantly before the public in connection with liquid air demonstrations, and few scientists have accomplished so many new results in its use. But Sir James has been able to attain far lower temperatures than that of liquid or even solid air. By its means he has succeeded in liquefying every known gas, with the single exception of helium, and has reached a temperature of minus 253 degrees centigrade (that is, 253 degrees below the centigrade "zero," which is the melting point of ice) with liquid hydrogen. When this is attained there is little difficulty in obtaining frozen hydrogen for a short peri-od; as when the liquid hydrogen evaporates it abstracts heat from the portion remain-ing and so temporarily freezes it. In this fashlon a temperature of minus 265 degrees centigrade has been reached. There would be no particular significance in this or any other figure if we thought that there was no limit to the degree to which bodies can be cooled. But we shall shortly see that there is a limit, and that Sir James has very

If heat be a form of energy, or a mode of If heat be a form of energy, or a mode of motion, and cold be simply the relative absence of heat, it is plain that bodies cannot be cooled indefinitely, since the amount of heat energy within them must be finite. There must be, then, an absolute zero of temperature, which bodies will have reached when all the heat has been taken out of them. This follows inevitably from the modern conception of heat as a 'mode modern conception of heat as a 'mode modern conception of heat as a 'mode motion of heat as a 'mode motion of heat as a 'mode motion of heat as a 'mode motion, and cold be simply the relative absence of heat, it is plain that bodies cannot not be cooled indefinitely, since the amount of the Pilgrim.

The golden days of upper lake navigation seemed to have dawned with the arrival of the propellers monticello and Manhattan. The Manhattan came first, but she was very shortly followed by the Monticello, which was brought over the portage of Wall and Lombard streets, to cogitate briefly over the spice and variety of life in Muskogee, I. T. An Indian came in, cultivated, accomplished and the peer of the average prosperous business man, and disturbed our reverie to discuss the interests of our newspaper as a friend. Muskogee is certainly an infatuating country for one who loves variety, energy and activity.

gree to which a body must be cooled so as to be absolutely cold would appear impossible, but it is not so. Considerations of various kinds, notably those relating to the shrinkage in gas as it is cooled, have led physicians to agree that the absolute zero must be at minus 273 degrees centigrade. But nowadays physicists are ceasing to use the centigrade scale-let alone the ridiculously obsolete Fahrenheit to which this conservative people adheres—but are following the advice originally given by Lord Kelvin, to make the absolute zero the zero of their scale. Thus we say that the tem-perature of liquid hydrogen is about 20 degrees absolute, and that Prof. Dewar has probably touched a temperature as low as or eight degrees absolute, or even a little lower still.

The Diet-Cure in Japan. From the Sanitary Journal.

Japan has a diet specialist, whose name is Sagen Ishidsuka; he is often regarded as an advocate of the vegetarianism; but he is not a vegetarian in the literary sense. Both of his grandfather and his father practiced in the Chinese school of medicine, and he also learned Chinese pathology in his earlier age; then the western medicine through Dutch books which were imported into the country even before the Taikoon did not take the open port policy. Dr. Ishidsuka is now quite an old man. While he was under the service of the imperial army as a military pharmacist, he had taken special interest in studying the relation of cial interest in studying the relation of health and diet, and has been investigating scientifically what is the proper food for mankind. He has reached the conclusion that nearly all illness comes out of the improper diet. The construction of human teeth is the best proof that the grain food is most suitable one for the man, he says. According to the opinion of Dr. Ishidsuka those who engage in the work of muscle only may take the meat for their food; it is not always the suitable food for the man of every occupation; those who engage in brain work as well as those who spend their days in idle manner ought to take the simple vegetable food. The reason why there are so many unhealthy persons among the Japanese nobles is that they take nitro genous substance as their essential food while they never work hard, is his opinion. He gives the directions of the diet to any patients who requests his consultations, aft er he has examined the latter's physical condition, and is gaining good results. There are many nobles, at present, who are under his ward. He publishes a monthly magazine for the special purpose of propagating his gospel for the diet cure.

It is said by Schopenhauer that the trouble of stomach makes man pessimistic.

Laughing has good effect on the digestion in stomach, say the modern physiological-psychologists. This is the reason why the optimist laughs all day and night

Before "Soo" Canal Was Dug.

of motion." The determination of the de- in 1851 by Col. Sheldon McKnight, who had owned or controlled the Independent and Napoleon. A war on passengers and freight began, and the flercest possible rivalry en-sued. In August of the same year a collision occurred between the two. It could easily have been avoided, but each boat was bent on destroying the other. In the collision the Manhattan was cut down and sunk near Parisian Island. No lives were lost. It would seem that rivalry should have ceased for awhile, but not so. The enterprising owners of the Manhattan raised her and she was reconstructed in six

weeks' time.
All along the lake the feeling ran high, All along the lake the feeling ran high, and the people took sides in the contest. The town of Marquette was for the Manhattan, and upon the reappearance of its favorite craft a deputation of young women, dressed in white, marched down to the dock and presented Captain Caldwell with a beautiful flag and bouquets of flowers. The town was there en masse. Other features of the welcome were the singing by the girls of a song entitled "The Manby the girls of a song entitled "The Manhattan," composed especially for this oc-casion, and after that a pompous old doc-tor, by the name of Livermore, mounted a cast-iron cylinder and read a set of resolutions which contained the far-seeing and still unfulfilled prediction that the town of Marquette would grow to be the greatest city in the world. One of the doctors twelve resolutions, however, has had its predictions more than verified. It read: Resolved, that the time is not far distant when the commercial business growing out of these rich and inexhaustible mountains of iron will alone require more shipping than at this time floats upon the lake. The doctor saw a good ways, but he could not see to the time when a single boat would carry a greater cargo of ore than the then carrying capacity of the entire fleet of Lake Superior.

In an Indian Territory Town. From the Muskogee Democrat.

A mocking bird sang in the tree by our bed room window to wake us in the morning. A bob white perched himself on the fence opposite a \$15,000 residence near the heart of the city and piped his cheerful call at us as we plodded our way down town to business. A trolley car whizzed by us at the next corner. A big, sharp-nosed coyote showed his glittering white teeth at us from a cage on the sidewalk in front of a handsome six-story hotel. He was captured here and caged for shipment to an eastern city. A federal jall loomed up diagonally across the square, containing approximately 250 prisoners, while the door sprang open to admit half a dozen more sprang open to admit half a cozen more bootleggers and petty offenders in charge of deputies. We dodged a galloping cowboy with rope swinging from the horn of his saddle at a street crossing and gathered our equilibrum in time to lift our hat to the chief of an Indian nation and his handsome daughter, driving behind a pair of thoroughbred horses. We stepped into the Democrat office, at the metropolitan corner of Wall and Lombard streets, to cogitate briefly over the spice and variety of life in Muskogee, I. T. An Indian came in, cul-